

The Historie

These signes haue markt me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do shew
I am not in the roule of commen men:
Where is he liuing clipt in with the sea,
That chides the bancks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which cals me pupil or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but womans sonne
Can trace me in the tedious waies of Arte,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hot. I thinke theres no man speakes better Welsh:
Ile to dinner.

Mor. Peace coosen Percy, you wil make him mad.

Glen. I can cal spirits from the vasty deepe.

Hot. Why so can I, or so can any man,
But wil they come when you do cal for them

Glen. Why I can teach you coosen to command the Deuil,

Hot. And I can teach thee coose to shame the deuil,
By telling truth. Tel truth and shame the deuil:
If thou haue power to raise him bring him hicher,
And ile be sworne I haue power to shame him hence:
Oh while you liue tel truth and shame the deuil.

Mor. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable chat.

Glen. Three times hath Henry Bullenbrooke made head
Against my power, thrice from the bankes of Wye,
And sandy bottomd Seuerne haue I sent him
Booteles home, and weather beaten backe.

Hot. Home without bootes, and in foule weather too,
How scapes he agues in the deuils name?

Glen. Come here is the map, shal we diuide our right?
According to our three fold order rane.

Mor. The Archdeacon hath diuided it,
Into three limits very equally:
England from Trent, and Seuerne hitherto,
By South and East is to my part assignd:
Al westward, Wales beyond the Seuerne shore,
And al the fertile land within that bound
To Owen Glendower: and deare coose to you
The remnant Northward lying off from Trent,

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And

These